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To the REVEREND

Mr. G. LOGAN, A. M.

One of the

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E D I N B U R G H,

Printed in the Year MDCCXLVII.



A
LETTER

To the REVEREND

Mr. G. LOGAN, &c.

REVEREND SIR,

YOUR late laboured Performance shews the great Pains you have been at for the Benefit of the Publick, and no doubt you expect a very grateful Return, for opening the Eyes of your Countrymen, and shewing them the Fallacy of certain Opinions, which a *Scotsman*, with regard to the Honour of his Country among Foreigners, was apt to have given himself Airs upon, which you have convinced the World he has no Manner of Pretence for; and that, instead of strutting on these Occasions, we have nothing for it, but to sneak, or, like our *Neighbour Islanders*, put a bold Face on't, and deny our Country.

You

You have convinced us, that we have been, from the Beginning, a Pack of Scoundrels, subject, for above these 2000 Years, to a Set of Ufurpers and Bastards.

THAT our ancient Claim of Monarchs, who make no inconsiderable Figure in History, compared with those of the neighbouring Kingdoms, instead of being boasted of, are a Reproach, *Monsters* whose Memories ought to rot and stink.

THAT our most authentick Records, those Monuments, those Remains of our Antiquity, are a Pack of Forgeries, not to be trusted— And prove all by adopting the Arguments of those Writers, who, for the Honour of their Country indeed, have laboured to rob us of that *Independency*, which our gallant Ancestors, led on by those Monarchs, nobly maintained at the Expence of their Blood.

SURELY, for all this, you merit the Gratitude of every *Scotsman*, the Application of which I leave to them; and altho', reverend Sir, I am quite sensible that it must be ridiculous in any Body to attempt to answer you, yet I can't help offering a few Remarks on some Parts of your Performance, as they offer.

THE first Piece of Entertainment you give us, is a full and convincing Proof of the Pretender's being a Bastard; and sure, if any Man will doubt of it, after the reverend and undeniable Authorities you produce, I shall say he is a very obstinate Infidel—Let us see—there is

Item, imprimis, Sermon preached by the reverend Bishop of York in October last.

Item, Sermon preached by the reverend Bishop of Oxford in ditto Month.

Item, The Speech of a noble Lord on the Malt-Tax.

Item, The End of an old Memorial.

WHICH, together with 155 Pieces of private History, collected from the very best hearsay Authority by the reverend Dr. Burnet, Oldmixon, &c. make up the Packet.

BUT sure, Sir, you have forgot Part of the Budget, which I am bound to put you in Mind of — Several excellent Ballads, viz.

Lillybulero, to its proper Tune.
Old Sir Simon the King, &c. &c.

FROM

‘ FROM all which it is evident, that *it is not*
‘ *possible* that the Pretender can be the King’s
‘ Son—Page 20.’

THIS is inforcing the Matter pretty well, tho’,
if you please, Sir, I think you might cram it
harder down the Throats of those damn’d *Ja-*
cobites. As for Example, in the Stile of your
Brother, Emperor *Peter*, ‘And if you don’t be-
‘ lieve this to be true, G—d damn you eternal-
‘ ly *’. Or suppose now we should put it in
Crambo,

And this is Law, I will maintain
Unto my dying Day, Sir ;
And whosoever shall be King,
I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir,

SURE, after this, Sir, you don’t expect any
Body will be quite so foolish as to venture up-
on the convincing Particulars you bring us from
your Friend *Old-Sarum*, that *Child of Truth!* as
you are pleased to call him. Only, in the Way
of Information, give me Leave to state a few
of the Doctor’s Propositions to you.

First, HE proves, unquestionably, that the
Queen’s Infirmities were such as it was not pos-
sible she could have a Child.

2dly. FROM the Authority of a *very honest*
Woman,

* Tale of a Tub.

Woman, that she miscarried several Months before her Time.

3dly. THAT she was delivered of a Prince on the 10th of *June*, who died the same Night, as was told by a certain Lord, who heard it whispered through a Stone-Wall from a neighbouring House.

THE Devil's in't if all these Propositions, plainly proven as above, be not convincing. Yet I am afraid, reverend Sir, that not even the *Priest* and the *old Woman* in Conjunction here, (who, according to your elegant Verses, Page 97. * you tell us, are more than a Match for the *Devil in Cunning and Impudence*) nay, tho' I should add another Priest to the Company, will make this pass with the Vulgar. Strange! you'll say, Is it to be doubted? Don't the Clergy say so? *Those Children of Truth, who would not make or tell a Lie for the World*, Page 15. As to the Degree of Credit that is to be given to that *reverend Tribe*, I believe your single Word would go a great Way, even without the Testimony of your learned Friend, who, from his great Reading in History, informs you, Page 97. *That the Clergy made no Difficulty to form what Stories they had a Mind*. I am sorry to find

† *Non audent stygius Pluto tentare, quod audent
Infamis monachus, plenaque fraudis anus.*

find, that the Use of Printing, which you there hint at, is even at this Day no Check upon them.

BUT, to be serious, reverend Sir, I am informed, by some Understrappers of the Law, that there is, what they call in their Gibberish, a *Presumptio juris* in favours of every Child's Legitimacy, which cannot be taken away, so as to bar him from succeeding to his Father, but by a direct and positive Proof; nay, they pretend to say, That even the Testimony of the Mother, declaring her Son a Bastard, would not hurt him in his Succession. Now, Sir, upon these Principles let me put a Case.

SUPPOSE the Wife of any Prince should be notoriously addicted to Incontinency, and that the good Man, her Husband, should be so much convinced of it, as to shut her up in Prison, and have no more to do with her—Let me ask you, reverend Sir, would you, upon the Suspicions arising from the Lewdness of the Mother, joined to some idle Stories raised and propagated by lying Clergymen; Would you, I say, dare to brand the princely Issue with the gross Name which you are so ready to fling at the Head of your Countrymen on all Occasions? Really, Sir, in Charity, as well as good Manners, you would be much in the Wrong.

BUT

BUT pray, Sir, after being so clearly convinced yourself, and having fully demonstrated to the World, that the Pretender is a Bastard, may I not ask you, How comes it you put yourself into such a violent Passion with the whole Race of *Scots* Kings, his Progenitors, as he calls them, which, you say, he boasts have swayed the Sceptre of *Scotland* with so much Glory: As you have fairly made him out *Filius incerti patris*, and consequently whose Progenitors we know nothing about, What a Pox signifies all his Boasting? Surely, whatever his Progenitors are, our *Scots* Kings are but little obliged to him for thus provoking your Rage: Pray, Sir; what could prompt you to disturb the Ashes of buried Majesty? Thus, like a ravenous Wolf, to tear up from the Grave their venerable Bones; thus to insult the Manes of those ancient Heroes, who, at the Head of our gallant Ancestors, bravely maintained the Honour, Freedom and Independency of *Scotland*; who, in spite of Poverty, and from a noble Contempt of Riches, preserved their Liberties and Laws against all Invaders, and, by their Valour and Bravery, made the Name of *Scotland* and *Scotsmen* revered among the Nations? Could you find no Subject to exercise your Spite upon but your own Country? Nobody to fling your Dirt at but your own Countrymen? Were it true, that, in a Race of above 100 Kings, 16 of them should happen to be as wicked as you would

have them, Is it becoming in you, as a *Scotsman*, (if I ought to give you the Name) to defame the whole Race for their Misdeeds? Is not this a Species of Paricide? Suppose, Sir, your Son had put violent Hands on himself, Would you have so much gloried in your Shame, as to have made it the Subject of a Declamation to the World? And, if you had done so, could you taken it amiss, if the Sentence, given by you upon these unfortunate Kings, had been pronounced against you and your Race, *That your Memory should rot and stink for ever.*

BUT, to be plain with you, Sir, in spite of all you have said to persuade the mistaken Gentleman to renounce his Relations, I scarce think he has Reason to disown them.

I think the Descendant of the great *King Robert Bruce* may be allowed, without Offence to any *Scotsman*, to boast of his noble Ancestor, our Deliverer from the Slavery and Chains of a foreign Invader, the Restorer of our Laws and Liberties, and second Founder of our Nation; who, in the worst of Times that ever *Scotland* saw, when brought to the very Brink of Ruin, her bravest Sons slain in her Defence, proscribed and driven into Exile, then raised her drooping Head, freed her from the Chains of a *barbarous and unmanly Foe*, (who seemed to glut his Vengeance with the Prospect of making her very Name forgot) and again
fixed

fixed the imperial Sceptre in her Hand——
 You will pardon me, Sir, if, as a *Scotsman*, I think it is among the greatest Honours this Nation has to boast of, in having this Hero for our King.

NAY, Sir, to come almost to our own Days. If the great Grandson of *King John Sobieski* had, upon some Occasions, mentioned the Glory of his Progenitors, I scarce think it ought to have provoked the Spleen of any Man in *Europe*, far less one of *your Tribe*. Will the Memory of that *invincible Monarch* be forgot, who expelled the *TURKS* from *Europe*, who, like a *Torrent* carrying all before them, had already broke into the very Heart of the Empire, threatening with Blasphemies to destroy the very Name of our *holy Religion*? Will that memorable Day, in which the Siege of *Vienna* was raised, be ever forgot by a *Christian*?—Let us thank Heaven, and the Memory of that *valiant Monarch*, that this Day we are in Possession of our *Bibles*, in Place of the *Alcoran*. And, whatever you may think, Sir, the Person who can boast of such Ancestors, has a Title to some Respect, in spite of your doughty Performance.

I beg Pardon, reverend Sir, for having said so much, more indeed than what I ever intended. I am even ashamed to put on a grave Countenance with you. I shall say but a few Words

Words more. You tell us, that this Nation has got little Glory by the five Reigns preceeding the Revolution. I shall readily agree with you in the Words, That the Nation has got little Glory from the Proceedings of a certain Set of People in these Reigns. To recapitulate a little.—The seditious Practices, the Calumnies and Forgeries, raised and thrown upon Queen *Mary* by your worthy Patrons *Knox* and *Buchanan*, which drove that *unfortunate Princess* to her Fate, are but too glaring to the World. The Practices of your worthy Friends, the *Covenanters*, in the Reign of *Charles* the I. their obstinate Rebellion, notwithstanding all the Concessions made them which they could ask, and, to crown all, the *Purchase of Infamy*, at the Price of this good King's Blood and the Nation's Honour, do, I am afraid, cast too great a Blot upon us even at this Day; altho' it be as true, that the Majority of the Nation disowned that black Affair, and stand absolved of the Fact. So that, if ever *Scotsman* had Reason to wish the Records and Annals (not only of this, but of the neighbouring Nations who preserve the Memory of these Facts) could be disproved, it is during these Periods: These Times, I am afraid, reflect no great Glory upon the Nation indeed; and therefore I heartily wish they could be forgot.

BUT, to take your Words in the full Meaning you design them: Pray, Sir, what Dishonour has this Nation got from these Reigns.

I know

I know the great Triumph of the Gentlemen of your Party (little to their Credit, if true, I should think) is the Reign of *James the VI.* which you affect to make a Contrast of with the preceeding Reign of *Queen Elisabeth.* A glorious Reign indeed! and which, if compared, will throw a Shade upon almost every other Period of *English History.* *King James* had *no Armada's* destroyed in his Reign; his Reign was pacifick. Yet I will venture, in spite of the Clamour raised against him, to point out a few of the Benefits derived from his Reign. In his Reign the Nation enjoyed a 20 Years Peace, during which, by his Care and Administration, the Trade and Wealth of the *English Nation* increased to such a Degree, * that the Farm of the Customs, which *Queen Elisabeth* left at 42,000 *L. per annum*, *King James*, without any Addition of Duty, raised and left at 160,000 *L. per annum*, near 4 Times as much as he found it. To him that Nation owes the only beneficial Branch of Commerce, which (to use the Words of a late celebrated Writer) foreign Wars, immoderate Taxes, and corrupt P——ts have lost. He was the Founder, and to him is owing the Plantations of *Virginia*, *New-England*, and indeed all the *American Plantations*, *Jamaica* excepted; to protect and maintain which he raised the naval Strength of *England* to a greater Height than ever had been known before

* Davenant on the Publick Revenue.

before him. You will ask, What was the publick Revenue in the Reign of this *arbitrary King*? What heavy Taxes did the People in these Times of Slavery groan under for so great Acquisitions? Give me Leave to tell you, Sir, what they were. The whole Taxes laid together, in this King's Reign of 22 Years, amounted in whole to about 4 Millions, a Sum (*crediti posteris!*) somewhat more than the *one Half of the last Year's Taxes* only, (exclusive too of the Interest of the national Debt) which sits so lightly on our Shoulders in these Days of Liberty.

These are Facts, Sir, &c.

From these the World will judge of Men and Books,

Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons and Cooks,*
POPE.

WITH what Face, Sir, can you then say, This Nation had no Credit in this *Scots King*? Nothing but Bigotry founded on Ignorance can excuse you.

BUT I have insensibly run myself into Reasoning, which, believe me, I meant not to throw away upon you. A few Words more, and I have done with you for ever.

You

• Authors of secret and scandalous History.

You have nicked the Time to fall upon your Countrymen, when you think you have the Field clear, and Nobody dares oppose you. The great Men you attack are mostly in their Graves, and the only surviving one (an Honour to his Country) somewhat at a Disadvantage, at present, to treat your libellous Performance as it deserves. But, if that learned *Antiquarian* should be induced to make you a serious Reply, the World may judge if he won't do you Honour by descending so low. And, that I may not be thought to do you Injustice, for a Proof of your *Learning* and *Knowledge* in Antiquity, I refer the Reader (that has not Time or Patience to labour through the Whole) to your Arguments, from the Middle of Page 110. to the Top of Page 113. whence you conclude with saying, 'They are sufficient to convince any unprejudiced Person, that the Charter (on which you treat) is not genuine.'

THEY are sufficient, I will venture to say, to convince the meanest Writer's Prentice, that the grave Author was an *Ignoramus*, and gave himself Airs, in taking upon him to write on a Subject he knew nothing about. And indeed, Sir, according to these learned Arguments, you would make out, not only this, but most of the Charters of the Kingdom to be forged.

I should

I should be glad, however, reverend Sir, to excuse you on the Head of Ignorance, tho', I am afraid, your moral Character must suffer a little in the Eye of the impartial World. You have, Sir, with your Eyes open, throughout the Whole of your Work, given partial Citations of your Authorities, as best suited your Purpose; you have apparently wrested the plain Sense and Meaning of Passages, into a Meaning contrary (I will venture to say) to your own private Judgment, as well as common Sense. To give one Instance of many: The partial Scraps you give us, Page 120 and 121. of the famous Instrument at the Coronation of *Robert* the Second, which, if you had given us the Whole, would have clearly confuted any Thing you have said on that Head; and the positive Assertions and Decisions, *verbo sacerdotis*, in favours of your Arguments, (so frequent in your Book) contrary to Truth, are such Sacrifices from a Minister of that Religion, whose Essence is Truth, as exposes you beyond the Shadow of an Excuse.

UPON the Whole, reverend Sir, my best Advice is: Mind your spiritual Affairs, it will become you better: Teach your Flock the Doctrine of Charity, Mercy, and brotherly Love: Or if, according to the laudable Practice, you will meddle with the Times, stick to your Text in the Pulpit; there you may say what you please; there Nobody dares contradict you.

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